

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

JANUARY, 1870.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

THE *Spiritual Magazine* has now completed its first decade. For ten years we have carefully recorded in its pages the facts of Spiritualism as they have presented themselves, and have placed before our readers such reflections and arguments as these facts have naturally suggested, and which we thought might help to a better understanding of their significance and value, or which have been called forth in their defence, and in defence of those great truths which we think these facts have so conclusively established. The *Spiritual Magazine* thus presents a body of evidence in regard to Spiritualism such as we believe cannot elsewhere be found in any single work that has ever appeared in this country.

We have pursued our work of exposition and advocacy from conviction and a sense of duty, as well as from the attraction which ever draws the mind upward to what it feels a high and solemn and consoling truth, inspiring the soul with new vigour and with nobler aims; and have been content to leave the results of that work to a Higher Wisdom than our own, knowing that if it led to no other result we should at least have discharged our own soul of the burden laid upon it. But now, at the end of these ten years, on surveying the ground over which we have travelled, and comparing the present state of Spiritualism in this country with what it was at the commencement of our labours, we have every reason to be not only satisfied but thankful for the progress it has made among us, and for having been privileged to contribute in some small degree towards it, according to our ability and opportunities; and from this retrospect we draw encouragement to continue in the work we have so far carried on.

During these ten eventful years many who at the beginning were indifferent or hostile to Spiritualism have become its earnest advocates ; many of its timid friends (emboldened probably by finding themselves unexpectedly in such good company as have given to it the weight of their name and influence) have taken courage, and no longer shrink from authenticating with their names the testimony they have given. Lectures have been delivered, and meetings and conferences on Spiritualism have been held in all the chief towns of the kingdom.

When our labours began Spiritualism was hardly known in England ; it was little more than an echo from the great Western Continent. This Magazine was its only representative in the press, and scarcely any English works on the subject had been written. Now it is a household word and a household light in many thousands of English families ; it is accepted by a large body of persons of all creeds, classes, and professions ; and accessions are daily made to its great and growing camp. It has three monthly advocates, and a fortnightly one—*The Spiritualist* (a very creditable paper)—has lately appeared ; and works on Spiritualism by able and distinguished English writers have multiplied so that Spiritualism has at this time a goodly literature. Articles on Spiritualism, displaying more or less of knowledge or of ignorance of the subject, have appeared in nearly all our principal reviews, magazines, newspapers, and periodical publications. Controversies on Spiritualism have been carried on from time to time in the metropolitan and provincial press ; and so, many have been led to inquire, and inquiry has led to conviction.

On the other hand, some of the opponents of Spiritualism occupying a prominent position in literature, have given their friends reason to blush at the exhibition they have made of their dogmatism and ignorance ; whilst distinguished but incautious Professors of Science who had run full tilt against Spiritualism have found themselves unhorsed at the first encounter.

Spiritualism, too, has come under the notice of our High Court of Chancery, and men "with heavy scientific appendages to their names," have made affidavit as to its facts which they have personally witnessed ; and so far has public attention been aroused that an influential society composed for the most part of persons wholly unfavourable to Spiritualism, and indeed to every form of belief in spiritual things, has appointed a committee charged to investigate "into the phenomena alleged to be 'spiritual manifestations,' and to report thereon ;" and who in accordance with this instruction have instituted an extensive and impartial inquiry into the whole subject ; and already a mass of evidence, oral and written, has poured in upon them

from witnesses of unquestionable intelligence and education, and of unimpeachable integrity. More than all, the facts obstinately continue to present themselves notwithstanding all demonstrations that they cannot possibly occur.

The steady increase of the literature of Spiritualism, and in the demand for it, has led to the establishment of a publishing house, centrally situate in the metropolis, for the issue of this class of works, and where books and journals, English, American, or Continental, in relation to this subject, can be readily procured. In connection with this is an extensive library of spiritual and progressive works, for reference and circulation. The place also serves to some extent as a Spiritual Institute, to supply information to visitors and inquirers, and where committee meetings and reunions can be held.

We have spoken only of the growth of Spiritualism in our own land: on the Continent of Europe it has spread even more extensively; and of its wide and rapid diffusion in the United States of America, Mrs. Hardinge's History (now on the eve of publication) will afford the most ample evidence.

So the work goes bravely and steadily on; without hurry and without pause. It is true we have had our difficulties and discouragements; no work worth engaging in was ever without them; but Time, which tries all things, has but deepened our convictions, and strengthened our resolves to persevere in the work in which we are engaged, and shown how impregnable are the foundations of our faith, and taught us more fully how great the need of its corrective lessons, and how wide, and ever widening an horizon it opens out before us.

Our work is, and has ever been purely a labour of love, and therefore one whose rewards though unsought have been the most satisfying and ample, far higher in kind than any of an external sort could possibly be. Our contributors, too, one and all, have had and have sought no compensation other than arises from the satisfaction of bearing testimony to the truth. We thank them on our own behalf and on that of our readers for their disinterested and efficient co-operation.

We have thought it useful to place on record the names of those who have been contributors to this Magazine during the past ten years of its existence. Most of those who aided us with their pens when our enterprise began are with us still, and we have had the pleasure of adding many others as time rolled on. More than one has left us for that spirit-world in which they were so deeply interested, and have entered on their Happy New Year. May this New Year be to us a year of increased usefulness, and may this New Year and each New Year as it arrives be a happy one to all our friends (and to our enemies,

too, if we have any), and with this wish, and bating no jot heart or hope, we enter on OUR SECOND DECADE.

In the appended list some of our contributors may have been overlooked (it would swell it to too great a length to give them all) and some we are not at liberty to publish, but we feel that the organ of any cause might well be proud of the following—

List of Contributors to the Spiritual Magazine.

Viscount ADARE.	W. E. HICKSON, late Editor of the "W minster Review."
JOHN ASHBURNER, M.D., Translator of Reichenbach, Author of "Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism."	Rev. A. W. HOBSON, M.A. Baron C. DIRCKINCK HOLMFELD. DANIEL DUNGLASS HOME. Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS, Editor of "The True seeker."
T. P. BARKAS, Author of "Outlines of Ten Years' Investigation into the Phe- nomena of Modern Spiritualism."	MARY HOWITT. WILLIAM HOWITT.
GEORGE BARTH, Author of "A Manual of Mesmerism."	HENRY D. JENCKEN, M.R.L., F.R.G.S. JOHN JONES, Author of "Man: Physic Apparitional, and Spiritual."
RICHARD BEAMISH, F.R.S., Author of "The Life of Brunel," "Psychonomy of the Hand," &c.	Rev. WILLIAM KER, M.A., Author of "Pop- ular Ideas of Immortality, &c., brought the Test of Scripture."
Rev. S. E. BENGOUGH, M.A.	SEYMOUR KIRKUP (Florence).
EDWARD L. BLANCHARD.	A. KYD (Baden-Baden).
EDWARD BROTHERTON, Author of "Spirit- ualism, Swedenborg, and the New Church," &c.	ANDREW LEIGHTON.
Captain RICHARD F. BURTON (the African Traveller).	ROBERT LEIGHTON, Author of "Poems," & KENNETH R. P. MACKENZIE, F.S.A.
WILLIAM CARPENTER, Author of "Political Letters," "The English Bible," &c.	GERALD MASSEY. Rev. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD (Boston, U.S.A.)
ROBERT CHAMBERS, L.L.D.	A. E. NEWTON (Boston, U.S.A.) Author "The Ministry of Angels Realized," &c.
Major EDWARD HENRY CHAWNER.	MARY S. GOVE NICHOLLS.
H. T. CHILD, M.D. (Philadelphia, U.S.A.)	Hon. ROBERT DALE OWEN, late United States Minister to Naples.
BENJAMIN COLEMAN, Author of "Spirit- ualism in America."	J. H. POWELL, Author of "Life Inciden- t and Poetic Pictures."
ROBERT COLLYER, M.D., F.C.S.	Baron REICHENBACH, Author of "Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism," &c.
CHRISTOPHER COOKE, Author of "Urania," &c.	J. LOCKHART ROBERTSON, M.R.C.P. MARY C. HUME ROTHERY. Rev. W. HUME ROTHERY, M.A.
ROBERT COOPER, Author of "Spiritual Experiences," &c.	EPES SARGENT, Author of "Peculiar, "Planchette," &c.
NEWTON CROSLAND, Author of "Apparitions; a new Theory," &c.	THOMAS SHORTER, Author of "The Two Worlds," &c.
Mrs. DE MORGAN, Author of "From Matter to Spirit."	Rev. W. R. TOMLINSON, M.A.
JACOB DIXON, L.R.C.P., Author of "Clair- voyance, Hygienic and Medical," &c.	Professor CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F.R.G.S.
HUGH DOHERTY, M.D., Author of "Organic Philosophy."	C. STANILAND WAKE, Author of "Chapters on Man."
Major DRAYSON, R.A.	ALFRED R. WALLACE.
The EARL of DUNRAVEN.	A. M. H. WATTS.
Judge EDMONDS (New York).	WILLIAM WHITE, Author of "Emanuel Swedenborg: His Life and Writings."
Captain H. A. FAWCETT, R.N.	W. M. WILKINSON, Author of "Spirit Draw- ings," "The Revival," &c.
HORACE FIELD, B.A., Author of "A Home for the Homeless; or, Union with God."	JAMES J. GARTH WILKINSON, M.D., Author of "The Human Body, and its Connection with Man," &c.
WILLIAM PENN GASKELL.	Rev. F. R. YOUNG, Minister of the Free Christian Church, Swindon.
J. H. GLEDSTANES.	
JOHN M. GULLY, M.D.	
Professor W. D. GUNNING (Boston, U.S.A.)	
SAMUEL CARTER HALL, F.S.A.	
Mrs. S. C. HALL.	
EMMA HARDINGE.	
GEO. HARRIS, M.A., F.S.A., President of the Manchester Anthropological Society.	

ANTI-CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

WHAT TERTULLIAN AND COMPETENT MODERNS SAY.

IN Thomas Wright's *History of Caricature*, p. 29, he gives an outline of a human figure with an ass's head, found in a street of Rome, which had been walled up from the time of the Cæsars. In this Magazine for 1867, p. 333, we gave an account of this figure. Some one suggested that the figure was emblematical, and not satirical; but it is very curious that Tertullian mentions this very figure, and settles the fact of its being in derision of the Christians.

"The calumnies," he says, "invented to cry down our religion arise to such an excess of impiety, that not long ago in this city (Rome) a picture of our God was shown by a certain infamous fellow who got his living by exhibiting to the people wild beasts, and who showed the aforesaid picture openly to all comers, with this inscription, 'This is Onocrates, the God of the Christians.'"*—Tertullian's Apology*, p. 71.

Tertullian adds that the origin of the accusation by the pagans of the Christians worshipping an ass, was this. The Samaritans represented intelligence by the star Remphan; science by Anubis, by them named Nibbas; and vulgar credulity under the figure of Thartac, a god with a book, a mantle, and an ass's head. The Samaritan doctors called Christianity the reign of Thartac, that is, blind faith and vulgar credulity substituted for intelligence and science. In their intercourse with the pagans, who were apt to take them for Christians, as being from Judea, they disclaimed the appellation, begging them not to confound them with the worshippers of an ass's head. Hence the mocking Romans seized on the idea.

Tertullian in defending the divinity of Christ uses this admirable image: "The spirit derives from the spirit, and God derives from God, as the light of a candle is taken from another candle, which has communicated to it its light. The light remains all entire in the candle whence it was taken, and suffers not any diminution although men borrow the quality to distribute to many candles. It is even so of God. That which comes from Him is God, the Son of God, and both together, God and His Son, are one and the self-same God. From whence it follows that this distribution of spirit to spirit, of God to God, is not in the substance, but person; makes not a division in God, but is only a distribution of the qualities of Father and Son; not a diversity of conditions between Father and Son, but

only an order of God the Father to God the Son ; and, finally, that God the Son springeth and is not separated from the substance of God.”—*Apology*, p. 85.

It is very much the fashion now-a-days, and amongst the American Spiritualists especially, to exalt the heathen philosophers at the expense of Christ, and to place Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, Confucius, &c., at least on the same level with Him. They find in these writers an isolated spark, here and there, of the primal truth, and they would fain persuade us that these little scintillations are equal or superior to the full sun of divine truth and knowledge as seen in Christ. But what says Tertullian, who lived soon after the Greek philosophers, and within less than a century and a half after Christ ? He declares that “The Bible, this holy book, is a treasury from whence these wise men of the world, who have come since, have taken all they have left to posterity. This proof is proper but long, and the only thing that hinders me from undertaking it is the fear of making too great a volume. Is there any poet or sophist that has not drawn what he has of excellent concernment from the rich sources of the Prophets ? It is into these delicious fountains that the philosophers plunged themselves to qualify the desires of their minds, and some peoples have banished philosophy from them, as the Thebans, Spartans and Argives, because their philosophers, corrupting what they had read in the writings of these men sent from God, composed pestilent doctrines which could not be listened to without horror. These philosophers, labouring only for glory, having affection but for eloquence, meeting in the Scriptures with things that might be gainful to them, made their profit of them, not acknowledging the holiness of their source, which should have prevented them corrupting it.

“They tell us,” he continues, “that they have learned only from the Scriptures that there is but one God, and they have immediately fallen into all manner of disputes as to the mode of his existence. Some assert God to have no body ; others that he has a body, as the Platonists and Stoicks ; some that he is composed of atoms, as Epicurus and Pythagoras ; one, Heraclitus, that his substance is fire. The Platonists credit him with the careful government of the world ; the Epicureans with the contrary, that he maintains a profound indifference and apathy towards human affairs. The Stoicks believe the seat of God is outside of the universe, where he turns and manages it as a potter turns his lathe. The Platonists plant him in the world, and say he governs it from within as he that holds the rudder of a ship.”

Tertullian represents the ancient philosophers as equally at discord on the nature and duration of the soul. The new

Platonists make equal mischief with the doctrines of the New Testament, which they distort through the influence of their pagan notions.

He then proceeds to shew what was the moral character, what the degree of purity and elevation of sentiment in those whom our contemporaries are continually endeavouring to place on equality with Christ:—"Socrates, who was put to death for denying the mythologic gods of Greece, had been previously condemned by the Athenians for revolting propensities, and was so little freed from pagan superstitions that in his last hours he ordered a cock to be sacrificed to Esculapius, one of the idols whose divinity he had ridiculed. Thales, the prince of physicians, the great and ancient philosopher, when asked by Crœsus what we know certainly of God, could not tell him; whilst the humblest handicraftman, who is a Christian, knows God, and how His greatness is to be comprehended. As to purity of doctrine, Plato taught the community of women, and recommended their striving naked in the public games. Diogenes and Speusippus were noted for sensuality. Pythagoras amongst the Turians, and Zeno amongst the people of Priene, played the tyrants. Lycurgus thought so much more of his own fame than of the good of the Spartans, that he determined to starve himself to death, because they wished to ameliorate his savage laws. Anaxagoras refused to restore the goods left with him by his guests. Aristippus pretending great severity of manners, in the midst of his purple, indulged himself in all kinds of excesses. Aristotle flattered Alexander as Plato did Dionysius for their own ends."—*Apology*, pp. 159-161.

Such are the estimates of the pagan authorities, whom our American brethren are so fond of putting in juxtaposition or even in precedence of Christ, by one of the ablest and most thoroughly informed of the early Christians—by one who himself had been born a pagan and had intimate knowledge of what paganism in its best and most enlightened form was—by one who boldly challenged the most learned of the heathen to discuss their history and their religion on their own ground. The opinions of all the learned converts to Christianity in the first ages agree wholly with his. Compare, indeed, the doctrines of any of these vaunted philosophers with those of Christ; full, complete in their system and divine in their spirit; and then compare the men themselves with the meek and perfect pattern of Godlike purity, magnanimity, boundless love, and the heavenly wisdom of love. Is it possible, except through some strange eclipse of intellect, or through a sore and agonizing reaction against the age-long tyrannies of priestcraft, to descend from those to these? Is it possible that the glorious advent of

Spiritualism can lead to a delusion—to a demoralization of the human judgment like this? Is this to be the fatal and disgraceful upshot of those modern revelations which should confirm the old marvels, and add new vigour to the grand historic testimony of the sum of all the ages? As well might we expect the sun of all time to dwindle into a glow-worm—the eternal heavens, with all its stars, to terminate in a mere play-house pageant of spangles! But the moment we abandon the sure anchor of historic fact, we drift into a boundless sea of chaotic speculation.

Spiritualists complain loudly of the public hostility to their doctrines, but they have only themselves—or a large section of themselves—to blame for it. By the extravagance of their dogmas, and the wild immorality of some of their social innovations, they have struck a deadly blow at their own glorious dispensation. Had it been destructible in its nature they would assuredly have destroyed it. By their licentious free-loverism; by citing the teaching of spirits to violate the sanctity of marriage; to declare the non-existence of evil, though its desolation and ruins lie awfully all around us; and by their ignorant attacks on all established faiths; by the loathsome dogma of re-incarnation, and the advocacy of heathenism, they have caused sober and reflective people to start back and stand aloof. By the weak avidity with which they have accepted, not only in America but here also, such of them whose want of opportunity in youth precluded much historic and critical research, whatever spirits told them, merely because they were spirits, and that unsupported by an atom of proof, they have scandalized the good and disgusted the well-informed.

In a recent American *Life of the Davenport Brothers*, the author makes this very just statement:—"The cause of much of the opposition to Spiritualism must be looked for in the unwise zeal of fanatics, who, assumed, because some disembodied and frequently apocryphal philosophers disavowed doctrines current amongst men here, they must necessarily be false. Hence these unwise men, and women, too, because they believed in spiritual existence and communion, considered themselves not only perfectly justified, but specially commissioned to attack indiscriminately, and endeavour to demolish every system and every thing which did not tally with what in their heated, and hence unsound fancies, were absolute and unconditional truths. Church, politics, art, science, theology, geology, astronomy, religion, creeds, philosophy, love, marriage, and divorce, all and each, became the objects of fierce and vindictive attack by the fevered lips of these people; and no surer passport to their society could be had than a regular attack on Moses, Jesus, and the Bible. For which reason, and believing the whole to be the outgrowth of

the modern wonder, the conservative portion of society, led by their teachers, declared formal war on the Spiritualists."

Most true! Spiritualists have run madly amuck at all other faiths, opinions, and institutions, as if they only "were the people, and that wisdom must die with them!" We out-Ishmael, Ishmael, to all around us, and then complain, forsooth, that we are an injured, innocent, and misunderstood people! We are, in fact, still in the eruptive period of spiritual infancy. Not till many of us have thrown off from our fermenting blood, the measles, smallpox and other feculent humours of our tomboyhood, will the clarified brain begin to recognize the force of historical evidence, and the childish folly of belief in the mere *ipse dixit* of nameless and traceless spirits. But to proceed:—Our American brethren direct us also to the East, for a proof of the mere modern and mythic character of Christianity—that only religion in the world which possesses a clear and connected historic basis, unequivocal, positive, and predominant over all myth and fable, running from the creation until now. Mr. Peebles, in his *Seers of the Ages*, tells us that "the historic Jesus is copied from the Crishna of India, &c., and that the close and almost perfect parallelisms between the Crishna of the *Bhagavat Gita* and the Christ of the Gospels is sufficient evidence that one was borrowed from the other, or that they were both copies from some older myth."

Now certainly no man well acquainted with the ancient theology of the Hindoos could for a moment doubt which of these relations was borrowed from the other, if there were such a borrowing. In the one case we have in the Bible a plain, clear, uninterrupted history from the very earliest era of history down to the time of Christ, in which the founder of Christianity is most unequivocally and luminously heralded and graphically described, his person, his career and his doctrine. This is done, not by one prophet, but by a score, all living in succession; and, therefore, incapable of together concocting such a story. These prophets prove their mission to be genuine by simultaneously prophecying the fates of all the nations surrounding them, and some of those nations then the most powerful in the world. Profane history has most absolutely shown the truth of these predictions; and that truth is every day in our own time being re-confirmed by the discoveries on the sites of those nations. Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon and Syria, have all yielded up to the researches of travellers and archæologists the most amazing proofs of these prophetic announcements of from two to four thousand years ago. The Assyrian relics of art in the British Museum, the bricks and manuscripts of Babylon, the latter now in preparation for publication; the discoveries of the giant cities

of Bashan, still existing, these and the condition of a thousand objects in Palestine place the Hebrew history on such a basis of demonstrated truth as no other history of the ancient world possesses.

Turn from this solid and sunlit plane of history, stretching without a break from the very dawn of history, to the literature of India—and we plunge at once into a region of darkness illuminated only by partial light, into a chaos of myths and legends. There is no such thing as a clear matter-of-fact, continued history of national events, philosophy, or religion. We gather our scattered incidents from different, quite distinct, and often most contradictory books, and all mingled with the wildest and most absurd fables. We have nothing to assure us of the dates of many of the half fact half saga statements, but such as we can draw from the antiquity of the language in which they occur. Some of the greatest authorities, such as Max Müller, tell us that probably these mystical, rather than historic productions, may be as old as the Hebrew history.

Let us suppose them to be so old; nay, let us suppose some of them be as old as the early days of the human race, ere the different tribes had dispersed themselves into different and distant regions, what then? We come merely to that primal period in which the human race possessed, most probably in common, the divine revelations of those leading truths which should become the ultimate springs of universal civilization and religion. Those truths have maintained themselves on a sound and palpable and unbroken highway of history, through the Hebrew, and through no other race whatever. In all others, Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, they have become swamped and swallowed up in the vast volumes of heathen darkness and sensualized fable. Only here and there shine out as matters of wonder, brief isolated fires, marking a celestial origin, but the traces of that descent broken up, leaving them but as little islets of light in a vast ocean of gloomy waves shrouded in vague bewildering vapours.

Now, is it from the clear continuous history which has not only preserved these primal revelations, but has in every succeeding age to the epoch of Christianity confirmed and more amply illustrated them, that we are to turn in preference to the mere fragments of these truths floating on the seas of pagan traditions, and allege the full history to have resulted from the isolated fragments? Are we, finding a fraction of a material world shot into our system, to attribute the world to the fragment, instead of the fragment to the world? This is perfectly analogous to what the sticklers for Indian atoms of light in preference to the Hebrew full sun of it, are expecting of us.

These gentlemen lay much stress on the assertion that some of the Indian resemblances to Christian facts are much prior to the Christian era. Suppose this to be actually so, the fact remains that the predictions of Christ, and of the incidents of His earth life, also stood fixed thousands of years in the Hebrew Scriptures before He himself came; and it is much more likely that in the intercourse known to have existed between the eastern nations for thousands of years before Christianity, the Hindoos and others should have received, through their learned men, knowledge of these wonderful predictions, than that the Hebrews should have gleaned them from theirs so mixed with fantastic fable. The whole history of the Jews, so proud of their superior knowledge, so exclusive in their character, is wholly opposed to the idea of such a borrowing, and in the whole Hebrew history there is no trace of any such infusion from the far East. In fact the ancient and complete body of Jewish revelation had no need of it. It is far more likely that the fleets of Solomon conveyed copies of the Hebrew writings to India, which would be amazingly curious to the learned men of the Orient. Again, the Ten Tribes, when carried away eastward, and absorbed in the Eastern nations, no doubt carried with them their prophets and prophetic knowledge; and traces of these Ten Tribes are asserted to remain among the Afghans, and even in peoples more eastern.

It is further admitted by oriental scholars that the modern doctrines and rites of both Buddhism and Brahminism are very different from the ancient ones; and it is far more legitimate for us to suppose that St. Thomas, in his mission to India, immediately after the death of Christ, carried widely through India the new ideas and faith which led to these modifications. His Church, discovered in India in our time, and described in the *Christian Researches in Asia* of the Rev. Claudio Buchanan, London, 1841, must through this long period have disseminated amongst the learned Hindoos many Christian facts and ideas. Besides, who can doubt that the spirit of God's wisdom and love, which is Christ, has in all ages and nations been stirring and moving in the minds and hearts of all mankind, and more or less revealing himself there, according to the assurance of St. Paul that God had never left himself even amongst the heathen without a witness?

I observe that our friend, Mr. Peebles, in his *Seers of the Ages*, rests too much on the *Anacalypsis* of Godfrey Higgins, a work in which there is the most constant straining to draw Christianity from the fragmentary passages of Hindoo mythology rather than from the full and positive records of the Jews themselves. Mr. Peebles and the Americans of that school do injustice

to their own intellectual acumen in relying on the interested patch-work of Higgins to produce a caricature of Christ, rather than on the authentic annals of Christ's own people. Besides, who on reading, himself, the story of Crishna in the *Bhagavat Gita*, a philosophic poem, or in the *Vishnu Purana*, can recognise the pretended identity of that god with Christ? He is but one of the ten Avatāras of Vishnu, and so far from being the gentle, loving, wise, self-sacrificing being which Christ was, he is in his youth an imp of mischief and practical tricks amongst the cowboys and shepherdesses of Vrindāvana. Is it in playing pranks with Indra—in mocking his elders—in lifting a mountain into the air, with all its cowherds and cattle—in slaying a demon—in building a town with his own hands—in marrying sixteen thousand wives, and having a hundred and eighty thousand sons; or in being killed himself by a hunter, that we recognise the likeness to Christ? These attempts, in truth, are as absurd as they are unhistorical. For what is the fact? Whatever may be the date or the character of the myths of India, Christ is no mythical, but an absolute and altogether historical personage. His history stands in plainest terms in the book which is as much the matter-of-fact history of the Jews as the history of England is of the English. It is not the fable of a fabled people. That people exists amongst us and the other modern nations to-day; it exists in fulfilment of the same age-long chain of prophecies which foretold and attested Christ. On every page of that history, from its first to its last, stands the declarations of the coming of Christ; and when he did come it was in no obscure or mythical age, but in a comparatively modern period, amid the blaze of Greek and Roman civilization, which attest, in fullest evidence, His life, death, and eternal doctrines.

To attempt to reduce to a level with pagan writers or with eastern mythical deities, this Divine Man, with whom all the prior ages are filled by anticipation, and all the subsequent ones by the light and life and civilisation springing from His Gospel, is a perversion of intellect, only to be accounted for by the influence of those lying spirits, who were announced as the dark deceivers of these latter times. How different is the judgment of those who by a lifelong and profound study have really made themselves masters of these subjects. What was the opinion of Sir William Jones, who in the last century was the most consummate master of the languages and philosophies of India? Had his inquiries compelled him to place the Bible beneath the Oupnic'hat, with some doctrines like those of the opening of St. John's Gospel, the Vedas, the Purānas, or the Mahābhārata? On the contrary, he says:—"I have carefully

and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures; and am of the opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books in whatever language they may have been written."

Since his day immense advances have been made in the knowledge of the languages, religions and literatures of the great eastern nations, especially of India and Egypt, the reputed mothers of human science. Has this knowledge reversed the verdict of Sir William Jones? On the contrary, it has only confirmed it. We might quote Baron Bunsen, who has thrown so much light on the past religious and learned life of Egypt, to the amount of a whole volume; it is enough to say that his vast researches had only the more deepened his convictions of the divine character and origin of Christianity. And what says Max Müller, the greatest present authority on the languages and past beliefs of India? In his *Chips from a German Workshop*, he says:—"After the examination of all the ancient religions, I will here state three of the results, to which I believe a comparative study of religions is sure to lead:—

"1. We shall learn that religions in their most ancient forms, or in the minds of their authors, are generally free from many of the blemishes which attach to them in later times.

"2. We shall learn that there is hardly a religion which does not contain some truth, some important truth; truth sufficient to enable those who seek the Lord and feel after Him, to find Him in their hour of need.

"3. We shall learn to appreciate better than ever what we have in our own religion. No one who has not examined patiently and honestly the other religions of the world, can know what Christianity really is, or can join with truth and sincerity in the words of St. Paul, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.'"—p. 48.

These are the carefully recorded sentiments of men who have not dipped merely into Godfrey Higgins, or into any other second-hand sources of intelligence, but have long and laboriously probed the depths of the accumulated records of eastern thought, mythology and history. Is it likely that we shall turn from following such guides to listen to any living spirits who, from a pagan Hades, solicit us to re-adopt their obsolete creed, as is the manner of Andrew Jackson Davis and his school? We are not likely to abandon the convictions of our own judgments of what is really historic and really divine for demon announcements devoid of any evidence whatever. Christianity is the religion of all the greatest men and women of ancient and

of modern times ; of the Apostles, the Fathers, the Martyrs ; of Pascal, Fenelon, Newton, Bacon, Milton, Fox, Wesley, or of whatever name illustrious and of substantial erudition, stands forth on the lists of human progress.

“ You are born Christians,” says the self-sacrificing Lamennais, “ thank God for it ! Either there is no true religion at all—the tie which binds men one to another and to the Eternal Author of all things, or Christianity, the religion of love, of fraternity, and of equality, whence are derived right and duty, is the true religion. Compare the Christian nations with all other nations, and what humanity owes to it—the progressive abolition of slavery and serfdom, the development of the moral sense and the influence of this development, on the manners and laws, more and more impressed with a spirit of mildness and equity unknown before ; the marvellous conquests of man over nature, the fruit of science and the applications of science ; the increase of both public and individual good ; in a word, the combination of advantages which elevate civilization so greatly above the civilization of antiquity and that of peoples whom the Gospel has not yet enlightened.”—*Le Livre du Peuple*, p. 116.

Again, Mr. Hardwick, in *Christ and other Masters*, says well, speaking of Spinoza and Comte, “ Notwithstanding all that has been urged in behalf of their theories, they are little more than a return to long-exploded errors, a resuscitation of extinct volcanoes. At best, they merely offer to introduce amongst us an array of civilizing agencies, which, after trial in other countries, have been all found wanting. The governing class of China, for example, have long been familiar with the metaphysics of Spinoza. They have also carried out the social principles of M. Comte upon the largest possible scale. For ages they have been what people of the present day are wishing to become in Europe ; with this difference only, that the heathen legislator, who had lost all faith in God, attempted to redress wrongs and elevate the moral status of his subjects by the study of political science, or devising some new scheme of sociology ; whilst the positive philosopher of the present day, who has relapsed into the same position, is, in every case, rejecting a religious system which has proved itself the mightiest of all civilizers, and the constant champion of the rights and dignities of man. He offers instead of Christianity a specious phase of paganism, by which the nineteenth century after Christ may be assimilated to the golden age of Mencius and Confucius ; or, in other words, may consummate its religious freedom, and attain the highest pinnacle of human progress by reverting to a state of childhood and moral imbecility.”—*Introduction to the 3rd Vol.*

Such is the consenitive testimony of seriously investigating

and amply informed Christians; but the very apostles of infidelity are compelled in their best moments to join in the verdict. "Beyond all contradiction," says Voltaire, "it is a great misfortune not to believe in the Christian religion, which is the only true one amongst a thousand others that pretend to be so."—*Letter from Voltaire to J. J. Rousseau, translated in the Gentleman's Magazine,*" 1766.

How hopeless must be the attempt to persuade any sane and capable mind which has examined the historic foundation of the Bible; which has travelled along its highway of prophecy from the commencement of human history to the advent of Christ, and seen these prophecies demonstrating their genuineness by their fulfilled judgments on all surrounding nations. How hopeless to demoralize such minds, to bewilder such intellects, by the few fragmentary truths of Confucius or Pythagoras, or the sages of Hindostan! To induce us to quit the volume on whose every page is stamped some divine law, some promise of eternal life. These pages which have yielded the sweetest consolations to millions of minds in the darkest moments of existence; which have cheered and encouraged the struggling and afflicted in every age and in every moment of every age since their first promulgation, and borne the ruined, the exiled, the despairing, the oppressed, the imprisoned, the maligned and deserted, over all the obstacles, and through all the bitter baptisms of existence. Those pages which furnished the only pure, imperishable material to the statesman, the churchman, the philosopher, the lawyer and philanthropist, wherewith to build up those institutions on which rest the temporal, social, and moral peace and prosperity of nations; and from which the very men who would now lure us back to the bleak wilderness of paganism, draw whatever of light and truth and sound sentiment they possess. For it is a glaring fact which they cannot conceal, though they would fain forget it, that whilst they are preaching treason against Christianity, their very souls and moral constitutions are moulded and built up in it. It is the spiritual atmosphere of Christianity that they have breathed since their birth; it is the light of Christianity by which they have discerned whatever truth is in them. They have grown, thought, acted in a Christian world, amid incessant Christian influences, and have been wholly shaped and consolidated by it into what they are as men. They cannot escape from the concrete substance of Christian vitality and knowledge, which, from the perpetual sources of the Gospel has descended through the action of countless minds into the modern world, and like a celestial lava flood, has overflowed the ancient pagan creation, and become the soil of a new and exuberant fertility.

The aroma of Christian thought and sentiment is around them and within them, as well as its solid rock strata beneath their tread, and at the very moment in which they invite us to feed once more on the husks of a sorry paganism, they are saturated themselves with the inevitable force of Christian nutriments. Without the very powers of mind, the very masses of hoarded intelligence, the modes of thinking and judging spontaneously and habitually arising out of the Christian system of mental analysis, of moral estimate, of poetic colouring and trained feeling ;—without, in fact, the light, knowledge, spirit of justice and benevolence which they have daily absorbed from the predominant Christianity in which they have “lived, moved and had their being,” they would appear to us little better than apes and satyrs.

Yet Mr. Burns, in a late number of *Human Nature*, November, p. 533, taunts Christian Spiritualists with being *timid*. If he means that they are not venturesome enough to plunge from the sunlit battlements of historic Christianity into the obscure and vaporous abyss of paganism, he is right. They can have no temptation to such an insane leap, though stimulated by the cries of “freedom of thought!” and “progression!” But, timid! When were Christians ever timid? Their whole history is a history of dauntless daring against hell, error, and secular oppression. From age to age they have braved the terrors of the bestial amphitheatre—of the sword, the flame, the rack, the tramp and thunder of exterminating soldiery. The bloody massacres of the Romans—the tortures of the Inquisition—the dragonades of Austria and Spain, extirpating whole provinces—the courage of the dauntless Covenanters of Scotland—the butcheries of the Cevennes, of Piedmont—of Languedoc—of the St. Bartholomew night—the fires of Smithfield, and the dungeons of every kingdom of Europe, are the immortal testimonies of the bravery of Christian faith.

Good old Richard Crashaw, in his “Hymn to the Name of Jesus,” says :—

Q that it were as it was wont to be!
When Thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
On their bold hearts about the world they bore Thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach Thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore Thee,
Where racks and torments strove in vain to reach Thee.

But does not that courage yet live unimpaired in the Christian bosom? Yes, it lives there warmly as ever, and for that faith which swarming spectres from Hades invite us to abandon,

we are still, if need be, prepared to contend to the death. But we must have fitting cause for the demonstration of our zeal ; the invitations merely to heathenize ourselves do not move us in any degree whatever. We know as assuredly as we can know anything that Christianity has stood unharmed for nearly two thousand years against every imaginable assault of men and demons. Planted on the rock of time-tried history, hailed as the hope and trust of every spiritual need in the human soul, it will continue to flout its divine banner in the face of Comtists, secularists, and the hybrid race of ultra-rationalists, and, at the end of the world will bear it in unbroken victory into the eternal regions of its King.

W. H.

NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES.

THE perusal of the article in your last issue recalls forcibly to my mind a visit paid to this interesting spot in the early spring of 1869. Ill health had driven me to that part of France for the winter months. With the return of spring came convalescence, accompanied by the desire to penetrate further into the Pyrenees before returning to England. Setting out from Pau, on April 18th, in the company of a younger sister who had shared my exile, the picturesque little fortified town of Lourdes was our first halt for night quarters.

The miracle had occurred rather more than a twelvemonth previously, and already could one note the impress of future importance in the staid demeanour of the inhabitants, and the assumed air of mystery the moment the all-absorbing topic was alluded to. I was in utter ignorance at the time of the phenomena of Spiritualism, but in case you think the matter of sufficient interest to your readers, I have here copied out *verbatim* a few memoranda made on the spot.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

R. S. STANDEN.

16, Waterloo Place.

April 18th, 1859.—The approach to Lourdes is magnificent—with its noble old fort, and range of wooded hills behind, it reminds one forcibly of Stirling. We descended at the Hôtel Lafitte, and sallied out in the two hours that yet remained before dark to see what the town or neighbourhood had of interest to offer. There were two principal objects of note. The first of these was the fortress, now garrisoned by 80

N.S.—V.

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men, &c. The second was outside the town, and of quite recent notoriety. It consisted in a small grotto which, a twelvemonth ago, was the scene of a famous miracle; but, as we have heard such conflicting accounts of it this evening, I will leave the description till to-morrow, when we hope to hear the details from the mouth of the child who was the subject of it.

April 19.—And now we have seen the poor little victim of this real or fancied apparition, and here follows the simple history of the affair as we had it from her lips:—She was occupied with other children in collecting the loose wood, floated down by the River Gava from the hills. One fine log tempted her some little distance down the stream, out of sight of her companions, when she suddenly became aware of a strange breezy murmur in the air, which seemed to proceed from behind a huge mass of projecting rock; and, on turning the point to learn what might be the cause of it, her eyes were arrested by the apparition of a beautiful lady, dressed in a robe of white muslin, with a blue sash and white veil, beckoning to her from a hole in the cliff above a small cavern. She ran forward immediately to answer the summons, when the lady informed her that she was the Blessed Virgin of Immaculate Conception,—told her to wash in and drink of the water that trickled through the rock, and she should have eternal life; she was also to present herself at the same spot for 15 consecutive days, at an hour which the Virgin would each time appoint. During these visits she had several heavenly secrets communicated to her, three of which she was on no account to reveal until the Virgin gave her permission. Several of her companions on these and subsequent occasions had been present, and had seen the apparition, but she was the only one permitted to approach near enough for private communion. This was about all we could learn from her. We questioned her closely as to the truth of several curious stories in connection with her—which were currently believed in the town—such, for example, as that when she was one day on her knees in the grotto and several others with her, all engaged in their devotions, the latter as they rose found their garments much soiled by the moist earth, whereas not a speck could be seen on hers. Again, she once completely surrounded with her hands the flame of a wax taper she was in the habit of burning at her midnight visits to the grotto, and held them there for half-an-hour or more, without their being in the least singed. At another time her taper broke, the Virgin bid her put her finger to her tongue and pass it once across the broken part; this she did, and the taper was made whole again directly. So pleasant to the soul is mystery, that it was somewhat disappointing to hear her solemnly deny the truth of all these pretty fables.

At first, the miracle was by no means popular, except in the immediate neighbourhood. As the news of it spread abroad through France, deputies were sent from many a holy See to examine the girl and try to make her implicate herself; but the more people flocked to see her the more general became the impression that it was a genuine miracle. She told us that the Bishops of Auch, Soissons and Montpellier had been to see her, and that one of them had left 600 francs towards the building of a pilgrimage chapel; à propos of which, a notion seems to prevail among the peasants that after Easter a phalanx of archbishops and bishops, to the number of 45, are coming down with great pomp and circumstance to consecrate the ground, and that it will then become a regular resort for pilgrims. The natives are highly scandalised at the merest hint of the advantages that will accrue to them from this in a worldly point of view; and, indeed, there is such a bright—intelligent look about them—they appear so honest and so convinced, and take so much to heart the faintest allusion to any unworthy motive for their belief in the miracle, that we could almost regret that the suspicion of imposture should have entered our heads.

One nice-looking girl, who came to drink some of the healing water at the grotto last night, while we were there, had numerous instances to relate of cures, more or less rapid, of a variety of stubborn complaints—one, particularly, to which she was a witness, of a friend of hers who had been blind for a number of years, and who came here one evening to pay her devotions and rub some of the water over her eyes; the next morning, when she awoke, she found her sight restored. One fact connected with the water is thought quite unanswerable as a proof of divine interference. When first pointed out to the little girl by the lady in the white robe, it only fell in drops here and there through the rock; whereas now, by the single insertion of three small spouts, it flows in three continuous streams. From an ill-concealed arrangement of tubes and troughs in a soft part of the rock, however, it is easy to see how the water has been collected and brought into one channel—notwithstanding which, the increase is attributed by the poor people to a miracle second only to that of the loaves and fishes. A celebrated chemist is said to have analysed it, but can discover neither mineral nor medicinal properties; and to the taste, as we can testify, it is like any other water.

I ought before this to have spoken more particularly of the little girl herself. She was a pretty-looking child, 14 years of age, with large dreamy eyes, and a quiet sedate demeanour, which added some years to her appearance, and seemed altogether unnatural in so small a figure. She welcomed us with

the air of one long accustomed to receive strangers, and bid us follow her into an upper room of the humble cottage attached to her father's mill. Two bright, happy little urchins—her brothers—were playing about, and seemed no way abashed at our entrance. The father and mother were neither of them at home, but we met the former on our way—a serious-looking, respectable, middle-aged man. He appeared to divine what took us that way, for he saluted us very gravely as we passed, and no doubt hoped we should become converts. The child offered us seats, while she herself stood by the window, and answered briefly the questions I put to her, but volunteered very few remarks of her own. It was a fortnight, she said, since she last saw the Virgin, and she went less often to the grotto now because such crowds of people followed her there. We offered her a small donation, which she politely refused, nor would she allow us to give anything to her little brothers—and we are assured that neither the parents nor their child, although very poor, will ever receive anything from strangers.

As she conducted us downstairs, and we passed through the room where the flour-mills were, seeing that we were eyeing them rather inquisitively, she sent a little boy we had brought with us as guide to turn on the water, and explained the working of them to us very intelligently herself. We certainly left her in the conviction that we had been talking with a most amiable little girl, and one superior to her age and station both in manner and education; and whatever may be the true account of the apparition, as far as the girl herself is concerned we feel quite convinced of the sincerity of her own faith in it.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS—EXPERIENCES OF HIRAM POWERS—THE SCULPTOR.

DR. BELLOWS contributes to *Appleton's Journal* a paper entitled "Sittings with Powers, the Sculptor." In the course of a conversation Mr. Powers relates the following spiritualistic experiences:—

"These Spiritualistic phenomena have always interested me, although I have never been in the least carried away by them. I recollect we had many 'seances' at my house and others when Home was here. I certainly saw, under circumstances where fraud or collusion, or pre-arrangement of machinery, was impossible, in my own house and among friends incapable of lending themselves to imposture, very curious things. That hand

floating in the air, of which all the world has heard, I have seen. There was nothing but moonlight in the room, it is true, and there is every presumption against such phenomena under such circumstances. But what you see, you see, and must believe, however difficult to account for it. I recollect that Mr. Home sat on my right hand, and beside him there were six others round one half of a circular table, the empty half toward the window and the moonlight.

" All our fourteen hands were on the table, when a hand, delicate and shadowy, yet defined, appeared, dancing slowly just the other side of the table, and gradually creeping up higher, until, above the elbow, it terminated in a mist. This hand slowly came nearer to Mrs.—, at the right side of the table, and seemed to pat her face. ' Could it take a fan? ' cried her husband. Three raps responded: ' Yes, ' and the lady put a fan near it, which it seemed trying to take. ' Give it the handle, ' said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced fanning her with much grace. ' Could it fan the rest of the company? ' some one exclaimed, when three raps signified assent, and the hand passing round fanned each of the company and then slowly was lost to view.

" I felt, on another occasion, a little hand—it was pronounced that of a lost child—patting my cheek and arm. I took hold of it. It was warm, and evidently a child's hand. I did not loosen my hold, but it seemed to melt out of my clutch. Many other similar experiences I have had. It is interesting to know that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors and morbid feelings. My children, who knew all about it, and were present, never showed any signs of trepidation, such as ghost stories excite in sensitive and young people.

" I have always thought that there was something yet inexplicable about the nervous organisation which might eventually show us to be living much nearer to spiritual forms than most believe, and that a not impossible opening of our inner senses might even here enable us to perceive these forms. When we see a man in his flesh and blood, we see his outward robes. If his nervous system alone were delicately separated out from his body, it would have the precise form of his body, for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the body, but extend even to the enamel of the teeth, and the fibres of the hair. There is no part of the human frame that is not full of these invisible ramifications. Shew us a man's nervous system, and filmy as it might be in parts, his form would be perfectly retained even to his eyes. Now this is one great step toward his spiritual body. A little further refinement might bring us to what is beneath the nervous system, the spiritual body, and it might still have the precise form of the man. I believe it possible for this body to appear, and under certain

states, to be seen. I do not often mention a waking vision which I enjoyed more than twenty years ago, but I will tell it to you. It happened five and twenty years ago.

"I had retired at the usual hour, and as I blew out the candle and got into bed I looked upon our infant child, sleeping calmly on the other side of its mother, who also was sound asleep. As I lay broad awake, thinking on many things, I became suddenly conscious of a strong light in the room, and thought I must have forgotten to blow out the candle. I looked at the stand, but the candle was out. Still the light increased and I began to fear something was on fire in the room, and I looked over toward my wife's side to see if it were so. There was no sign of fire, but, as I cast my eye upward, and as it were to the back of my bed, I saw a green hillside, on which two bright figures, a young man and a young woman, their arms across each other's shoulders, were standing and looking down, with countenances full of love and grace, upon our sleeping infant.

"A glorious brightness seemed to clothe them and to shine in upon the room. Thinking it possible that I was dreaming, and merely fancying myself awake (for the vision vanished in about the time I have been telling you the story and left me wondering), I felt my pulse to see whether I had any fever. My pulse was as calm as a clock. I never was broader awake in my life, and said to myself, 'Thank God, what I have been looking for years to enjoy has at length been granted me,—a direct look into the spiritual world!' I was so moved by the reflections excited by this experience, that I could not restrain myself from awaking my wife and telling her what happened. She instantly folded her child to her bosom, weeping, and said: 'And is our darling, then, to be so soon taken from us?' I pacified her by telling her there was no evil omen in the vision I had seen; that the countenances of the heavenly visitants expressed only peace and joy, and that there was nothing to dread of harm to our child. And so I found it. I have much longed since to have any similar experience, but I never had it.

"Mr. Powers being asked whether he really believed in the pretensions of modern Spiritualists, said: 'I am not a believer in the revelations of spirits, as made known through mediums or otherwise, for most corrupt and unworthy communications are often made; and with many mediums, there is a great deal of trickery; while there are some so-called mediums who are nothing else than charlatans. But I do believe in the fact of spiritual manifestations, animal magnetism, and the moving of solid bodies, by means as yet unexplained by purely scientific men. I believe we are now at the threshold of a new era of discoveries, very unlike the past.' "

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MR. GERALD MASSEY'S EXPERIENCE.

After the reading of Mr. Holyoake's paper to the Committee of the Dialectical Society (commented on by Mr. Coleman in our last number) Mr. Gerald Massey made the following statement, as reported in the newspapers, "as a leaf from the book of his life that had yet to be written."

"When he was twenty-two he married the daughter of the Rev. Jabez Burns, and he first threw her into a magnetic sleep. His ideas about Spiritualism at the time were similar to those held by Mr. Holyoake, yet various strange things occurred. With a view to test the abnormal vision which she possessed. Mr. Truelove visited her, and placing a paper specially prepared over her head, asked what was written on it. She read it correctly "Inigo Jones," yet Mr. Massey himself, heartily believing in the possibility of such phenomena, thought she was deceived, and tested her, but she always vindicated her good faith and the reality of her power. Such powers were, however, he believed, more or less connected with aberration of mind. Eighteen months before her death a dissenting minister having seen things written out by a stool, said he thought Mrs. Massey could work with it very well, and a trial was made. A pencil was tied to a leg of the stool, and the name "Shakespeare" was written. A few months before, he (Mr. Massey) had written in the *Quarterly Review* (it was in the year 1864), on the Shakesperian sonnets. There was a mystery connected with a portion of them which he could not fathom. He did not think Mrs. Massey had read one of them. He had propounded a theory relative to them which had never been answered, but still there was a point on which he wanted information. The stool spelt out "age in love," which was a line constituting a difficulty, for, according to his theory, the author must have been young, and could not have been "age in love." Well, he was directed to an edition which he had not before examined, and he found that the two sonnets which constituted the difficulty did not appear in it. Thus he was, as a literary man, helped in his work by the communication. Again, his housekeeper could not sleep for noises in the kitchen: the door was slammed so violently that the key flew out. Well, a communication was made that a child had been murdered nine years before and buried in the garden. He went into the garden, and at the spot described he dug down and found the bones. He was not at the moment sure whether they were human, and he hid them in the lawn.

That night there were the sounds of four men working outside. The noise of one man was like that of a man hammering with a pickaxe on the door step. He jumped up, and taking his gun, ran out, but there was no one there. His wife went into a trance, and there was evidence that the noises were made by four spirits, in consequence of the bones of the murdered child having been disturbed. As his wife went on towards death, the spirits took possession of her, and in a manner unsexed her. He might mention that her powers were tested at Stafford House by the Duke of Argyll, Sir David Brewster, and others. The Duke held her eyes, and Sir David Brewster placed over her head a paper which she read correctly. That took place in 1852. He had himself seen cases of utter imposture in Paris. He always tested such phenomena with severity and scepticism, but the cases he had mentioned were such as quite convinced him of their reality."

WANTED FOR SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION.

We extract the following notice from the advertising columns of *The Times* :—

"To Proprietors of Haunted Houses.—A few gentlemen wish to have the opportunity of visiting a house said to be haunted, situate in or near London, for the purpose of scientific observation."

It is understood that this advertisement proceeds from certain members of the now famous Dialectical Society, and as we are anxious to do all we can to aid them in their inquiries and in their search for the supernatural, we reproduce the above advertisement for them free of charge; and, in return, we should like to see the programme of the "scientific observation" they propose to make on the ghostly tenant of any haunted house they may visit should he fortunately present himself for the purpose. In order to test his "objectivity" do they propose to try the delicate experiment recommended by Sir David Brewster, to "alter the axes of their eyes, and turn round as they are moved from the axes of vision?" Or, with a view of determining the question of spiritual "ponderability," do they intend taking with them into the haunted house a weighing machine, and in the event of being confronted by a ghost, will they request him to have the goodness to step in and allow himself to be weighed? Or, as they may have heard of spirit photographs, will they be prepared with a camera, and ask their ghostly visitant to have the politeness to wait till they get him into focus, and they have their magnesium wire ignited (for we

presume their scientific observations will be made in the very witching hour of night when ghosts do walk), so that they may get a correct likeness, "warranted genuine?" In short, how are these poor gentlemen with all their good will, and their scientific observation, to improve their opportunity? We would respectfully move the previous question—Whether, and if so, *how*, a ghost can be made a proper subject for scientific observation? Possibly, the tables might be turned, and instead of these gentlemen of the Dialectical Society making scientific observations on the ghost, the ghost (if he should deem it worth the while) may improve the occasion to make scientific observations on them, and, perhaps (who knows?) find the means, too, to publish them. In that case, gentlemen of the Dialectical Society—

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it,
A ghaist's amang you takin notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!

AN INSTANCE OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

The Rev. J. M. Peebles, the newly-appointed United States Consul to Trebizond, at a public reception given to him in London, at the Spiritual Institute, September 15th, related the following anecdote:—

"On reaching this country, instead of pushing to London, I speedily made my way toward York, *via* Manchester, Huddersfield, and Brotherton, to identify and localize a spirit with whom I had conversed frequently and intimately for some eleven years. This spirit first entranced a young man of Battle Creek, Michigan—E. C. Dunn (at present a prominent lecturer and healer), giving his name as Aaron Knight. He said he passed into the spirit world about 170 years since. His brother's name was James Knight, an English clergyman of considerable eminence, who had preached in York and London. He intimately described the county of Yorkshire, the city of York, the River Ouse, the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the Minster, the position it stood in relative to the points of the compass, the beautiful window designs, the location of the Virgin Mary with the hissing serpent under her feet, &c., all of which we found as he had often described them. After faithful research in the annals of Yorkshire, I repaired, in company with Robert Green, Esq., to the 'Will Office,' where, aided by the clerk, I found upon the records the brother's name, Rev. James Knight. We have the full Latin copy in the clerk's own hand. This is the translation:—Twenty-fourth of October, 1714.—James Knight,

A.M., was ordained deacon in the Savoy Chapel, London, and priest in the same chapel on the following Sunday.' (From the Institution Book in the Archiepiscopal Registry, York, England). The confirmation of the localities, and the identification of the spirit were most satisfactory ; and this is only one among the thousands of similar tests that have gladdened and touched with a new life our soul's affections."

DR. FORBES WINSLOW ON RAPIDITY OF THOUGHTS
IN DREAMING.

" We have in dreams no perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind ; for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record."

RULE BRITANNIA.

Britannia (not the symbolical lady with the trident who figures on the bronze coin of the realm with the medallion of Her Most Gracious Majesty on the obverse side, but the monthly magazine of that name) has in its October number an article on Spiritualism *à propos* of the recent controversy in the *Standard* between Mr. Percy Greg and Mr. John Addison ; as to which it remarks that " Mr. Addison placed himself irremediably on the wrong ;" and it proceeds :—

Now we are by no means believers in what is ordinarily called Spiritualism, we have never had any personal opportunity of testing its claims, and without for a moment imputing falsehood to Mr. Greg, and the many others who testify to the truth of facts which seem to lead up to it, we know that the openings for deception are so numerous, and the means of baffling observation so intricate, that an outsider is fully justified in suspending judgment until the most rigorous proof is produced ; but we have no hesitation in condemning as utterly unreasonable the assumption which lies at the root of Mr. Addison's view, that there is something fundamentally *impossible* in the strange phenomena which are laid before us. The state in which science places us with regard to the spirit-world, if such exists, is one of pure nescience. If on the one hand it tells us nothing about spirits, on the other hand it is on that very account disabled from imposing any limit to their possible operations. The question therefore becomes one of evidence, and any person who, like Mr. Greg, gives the public the benefit of his experiences, deserves to be thanked rather than insulted, though he must not take it amiss if the facts he relates are turned over and scrutinized in every possible light, and no outlet for fraud left unexamined.

It might hardly be worth commenting on Mr. Addison's invincible and unreasonable scepticism, were it not that we believe it to be a very common form of prejudice existing among persons who pride themselves above all on their common sense and amenability to reason. Common sense with such men is too

often found to mean a certain number of cut-and-dried theories by which they are confident that they can account for all the phenomena with which mankind are brought into contact; whenever facts are alleged which harmonize with these theories, they are reason itself, they seem to regard it as the end of their existence to draw universal attention to them, and to impress on all men the duty of interesting themselves in their solution. But let facts which are inconvenient to their favourite theories obtrude themselves, and immediately all is changed: they resolutely shut their eyes, or grow angry, and regard it as an indication of common sense rather to deny the possibility of the evidence being true, than to admit the fallibility of their own fancies. The true way of accounting for this seems to be that it is a sort of false instinct, arising from a one-sided course of thought or study. One of the reasons why a liberal education is of such paramount intellectual importance, is that the human mind has a tendency to engross itself too conclusively with some one or more subjects of interest, to magnify their importance, and dwarf everything else by the contrast. In this way the obvious evil of the prevailing devotion to physical and material sciences, is that the devotees stunt one portion of their intelligence, and leave it to perish for want of sustenance. Accustomed to limit their attention to the material world, they become gradually impregnated with the delusive conviction that the part comprises the whole, and that they have fathomed the depths not only of all positive, but also of all possible truth.

The only attitude which science can properly assume towards phenomena which look in the direction of the supernatural, is one of the most honest and unprejudiced readiness to inquire and test. The hitherto almost universal belief in it, and the numerous well-supported facts which seem to involve it, create what it is not too much to call a very strong *a priori* presumption in its favour; a presumption which will never be rebutted except by a careful investigation of the allegations made by its advocates, and a satisfactory explanation of such as are proved to be well founded.

Spiritualists have always strenuously insisted on this view of "the only attitude which science can properly assume towards phenomena which look in the direction of the supernatural." Britannia's ruling is most excellent:—rule *Britannia*.

SPIRIT APPEARANCE IN A DREAM.

We take the following from the *Spiritual Universe* (New York), of October 23rd, of last year:—

Some time in the year 1842, an artist belonging to the city of New York, whose parents resided in Morgan Co., Illinois, visited one of the West India Islands on a professional tour. For convenience sake we shall call the gentleman Mr. W. The father of Mr. W. was taken ill of congestion of the lungs, and after an illness of some three weeks died, in the early part of June. Mr. W. was pursuing his profession of portrait painting in Keystone, Jamaica, at the date of his father's decease; and had not received any intelligence of the sickness of his father, from the time of his arrival in Jamaica.

On the night of the 6th of June, about two o'clock in the morning, Mr. W. was awakened from what he thought a sound sleep, by, as he described it to me, a most frightful dream, or vision. Said Mr. W., "I knew that I was asleep, and I felt my father put his hand on my breast and say to me, 'Wake up, my son, and return to the United States at once, and to my homestead in Illinois; for I died at two o'clock this morning, and I wish you to go out and assist your brothers in arranging the estate for your mother and the family's comfort and benefit.'

"Now," said Mr. W. to me, "I saw my father as plainly and felt the pressure of his hand as much, as I ever did, at any time in my life." He also told me that this was repeated three times, before morning, each time making the same

or a more evident impression on his mind; that in the morning he arose, made arrangements and returned immediately to New York, where he received the first intelligence from his family, in two letters of different dates—one announcing the illness of his father, the other his death at the date and hour, minuted by Mr. W. in Keystone, Jamaica.

Atchinson, Pa.

ALEX. R. WYETH.

NO NOVELTY.

The power exercised by spirits to release certain persons bound in the securest manner is no novelty. A century ago a Moravian missionary related that such things were done in Greenland. A man would put his head between his legs, and his arms behind his back, and allow himself to be bound securely. Then the lamps were put out and the windows darkened, while, it was said, the angekok went to the spirit world. Presently there would be various noises, and after a while the messenger was shown, pale and excited, and *unbound*. The Shamans of Siberia sit down and are bound hand and foot, darkness is produced, and the spirits are invoked. Then raps and other noises are heard, and when quiet is restored, in walk the Shamans free and unfettered.

ON WEARING MOURNING.

We long for the day when this custom shall be obsolete. It is unbecoming the truly afflicted one. The wearer says, by the black garments, "I have lost a dear friend. I am in deep sorrow." But true grief does not wish to parade itself before the eye of the stranger; much less does it assert its extent. The stricken one naturally goes apart from the world to pour out the tears. Real affliction seeks privacy. It is no respect to the departed friend to say we are in sorrow. If we have real grief it will be discovered.

When God has entered a household in the awful chastisement of death it is time for religious meditation and communion with God, on the part of the survivors. How sadly out of place, then, are the milliner and the dressmaker, the trying on of dresses and the trimming of bonnets. There is something profane in exciting the vanity of a young girl by fitting a waist, or trying on a hat, when the corpse of a father is lying in an adjoining room. It is a sacrilege to drag the widow forth from her grief to be fitted for a gown, or to select a veil. It is often terribly oppressive to the poor. The widow, left desolate with a half dozen little children, the family means already reduced by the long sickness of the father, must draw on her scanty purse

to buy a new wardrobe throughout for herself and her children, throwing away the goodly stock of garments already prepared, when she most likely knows not where she is to get bread for those little ones. Truly may fashion be called a tryant, when it robs a widow of her last dollar. Surely your sorrow will not be questioned, even if you should not call in the milliner to help display it. Do not in your affliction help uphold a custom which will turn the afflictions of your poorer neighbour to deeper poverty, as well as sorrow.

SUPERNATURAL POETRY.

In the November number of *Temple Bar*, we find an article on "Supernatural Poetry," by the author of the *Poetry of the Period*. The whole series is interesting and very clever, if not masterly; and in the special article we allude to, our critic is eminently fair and open. However, when he says, "in Mr. Harris' poems, the influence of Swedenborg's ideas is as apparent as that of Shelley's literary style," and in another part of the paper, "what professes to come from Shelley and Keats strongly recalls the compositions in the flesh of those two glorious bards, but recalls them only to suggest a painful absence of their real *aflatus*;" he puzzles us to know what he really means; and suggests how very much such estimation of Harris must wound many of his admirers who were and still are, as the phrase is, *readers of Swedenborg*. Is our critic aware, also, that the late Lady Byron said of the "prophecy" attributed to her deceased lord, "that it was quite worthy of her husband's genius?" We recollect on hearing this, that we suspended our judgment, and we now put it in as a caveat against this gentleman's.

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

Hitherto Spiritualism has made no progress in Germany. Now, however, it is beginning to shew signs of life even among "the nation of thinkers." In Leipsic, the most practical and realistic of all German towns, a Count Poninski delivered the first of two lectures on the subject the other evening before a large and appreciative audience. This intellectual nobleman began his lecture by assuring his hearers that he had called them together, not for the purpose of amusement, but to enter upon serious investigations. Never so much as now, he said, when humanity is oppressed by so many social evils, was there greater need for direct intercourse with the spiritual world. A discourse upon the nature of spirits followed, and a great deal of "in-

formation" was communicated on the subject of the various ranks in the spiritual hierarchy. The second lecture was to deal with the character of the media chosen by the spirits for their communications. Germany, is, therefore, advancing like all the rest of the world. We shall doubtless by-and-bye hear of much further progress in the same direction. Perhaps this may be a delicate chastisement to the Germans for their many boasts regarding that universal culture of which the world hears so much.—*Daily News.*

SPIRITUALISM IN MELBOURNE.

Mr. Nayler delivered a lecture, at the Mechanics' Institute, last evening, purporting to be on "Man: a Rational, a Social, and an Accountable Being," but which was, in fact, an advocacy of the lecturer's favourite theory of Spiritism. The bulk of the discourse consisted of historical and reflective prospects at the ancient and mediæval condition of mankind in its moral and intellectual aspects. The speaker then proceeded to address himself directly to Spiritism, and observed that the Old Testament was replete with instances of it, many of which he specifically cited. He asked Victorian believers in the Bible and disbelievers in Spiritism how they were to justify or palliate their incongruous belief. If the Bible was true, Spiritism was true; if Spiritism was false, the Bible was false. The poet Homer, he alleged, was a medium and a seer at eight years old, and his principal instructor was one who had passed through mortal death into glorious spirit life. He also referred to the demon of Socrates, and observed that the poetic Greeks held views concerning death similar to those of modern spiritists. As to the mythologies of Greece and Rome, Bacon had described them as moral and metaphysical allegories, and Newton, as nothing but history put into an historic dress. William Howitt has noticed as remarkable that Livy in his *History of Rome*, had recorded no less than fifty instances of the fulfilment of dreams, prophecies of soothsayers, and other predictions. As to Mr. Turner, who had written to *The Daily Telegraph*, had that gentleman treated him courteously and called upon him (Mr. Nayler) for information, he would probably not have penned his ill advised communication. Many crowned heads, besides the King of Bavaria, the Emperor Napoleon, and Queen Victoria, were now amongst those whom Mr. Turner described in such offensive language. He also claimed the late Archbishop Whately as a believer in Spiritism, and expressed his satisfaction that the English Unitarians were beginning to follow in this

direction in the wake of their brethren of America. He had an intuitive assurance that he knew the writer, who signed himself "A Wesleyan." (Laughter.) He thought he had caught his eye that night (laughter); and if so, he told him that John Wesley was a Spiritist, and George Fox, the founder of Quakerism. Modern Spiritism, though of recent growth, had twenty millions of professed believers, and though in Victoria they numbered but *a couple of thousand*, there would very soon be tens of thousands; for though the pulpits were backed by *Melbourne Punch*, truth must prevail in the end. The lecture was very attentively listened to throughout by an unusually numerous audience, and several passages were received with rounds of applause. Mr. Nayler announced that he would complete his course of Christian Spiritism on next Monday night week, by delivering a lecture on "Woman."—*Melbourne Daily Telegraph*, October 12.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

A new life of the Davenport Brothers has recently been published in America, under the editorship of Dr. Randolph. It includes their European tour, and gives some interesting details, especially of their visits to France and to Russia; but having adopted on the title page the motto of, "Truth is stranger than fiction," it is an odd adaptation of this excellent saying, to find that they carefully eliminate from the work the name of Mr. Fay, who accompanied them throughout, and was certainly as remarkable a medium as either of the Brothers. We feel bound to notice this omission, as having more fiction than truth in it, and the more so, as the writer of the book has, we believe, been at the trouble of striking out the name of Mr. Fay from some of the documents quoted in the book, so as to make it appear that he was not of the party.

ST. JOHN'S ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

John Jones, Esq., of South Norwood, delivered a lecture for the St. John's Association of Spiritualists at their Hall in Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, on Thursday, the 4th November. Mr. Jones took for his subject "The Blending of the Supernatural with the Natural" and the lecture was illustrated by a series of dissolving views, painted by Mr. H. Bielfeld from designs given to him by the lecturer. After defining the Supernatural as distinguished from the Natural, Mr. Jones explained each view as it was presented and was listened to with marked attention.

The views are executed with great artistic skill and beauty, and drew forth strong expressions of approbation from the audience. The series embraces representations of shells, magnets, human hands, &c., with emanations proceeding therefrom; tables floating in the air; spirits guiding the hands of ladies in writing; the soul leaving the body at death, &c. The lecture was of a very instructive character, and at its close a cordial vote of thanks was awarded Mr. Jones by a crowded hall.

VAMPIRES.

In the following curious extract from a *Residence in Bulgaria*, by Captain St. Clair and Charles Brophey, we probably find the missing link wanting to complete the chain of spiritual manifestations, in its lowest or most material portion, between the physical manifestations of the class of the Davenports' spirits—the speaking and hand-developing, and furniture-moving spirits—and the pagan spirits of ancient times and amongst the savage nations of modern days, who are propitiated by—and indeed in one sense *fed* by the shedding of blood:—

“When a man who has vampire blood in his veins (for this condition is not only epidemic and endemic, but hereditary) or who is otherwise predisposed to become a vampire, dies, nine days after his burial he returns to upper earth in an aeriform shape. The presence of the vampire in this his first condition may be easily discerned in the dark by a succession of sparks like those from a flint and steel—in the light by a shadow projected upon a wall, and varying in density according to the age of the vampire in his career. In this stage he is comparatively harmless, and is only able to play the practical jokes of the German Kobold and Gnome, of the Irish Phooka, or the English Puck; he roars in a terrible voice, or amuses himself by calling out the inhabitants of a cottage by the most endearing terms and then beating them black and blue. The father of our servant Theodore was a vampire of this class. One night he seized by the waist (for vampires are capable of exercising considerable physical force), Kodja Keraz Pehlivan, or champion wrestler of Derekuvi, crying out, ‘Now then, old Cherry-tree, see if you can throw me.’ The village champion put forth all his strength, but the vampire was so heavy that Kodja Keraz broke his own jaw in throwing the invisible being who was crushing him to death. At the time of this occurrence, five years ago, our village was so infested by vampires that the inhabitants were forced to assemble together in two or three houses to burn candles all night, and to watch by turns in order

to avoid the assaults of the Obours, who lit up the streets with their sparks, and of whom the most enterprising threw their shadow on the walls of the room, where the peasants were dying with fear ; whilst the others howled, shrieked, and swore outside the door, entered the abandoned houses, spat blood on to the floor, turned everything topsy-turvy, and smeared the whole place, even the pictures of the saints with cow-dung."

"FALLEN FROM GRACE."

The Rev. W. F. Evans (who, a short time since, at the period of his exodus from Methodism into the New Church, was enjoying the popular favour bestowed upon Mr. Keyes at the present time) has "fallen from grace." He is suspected of being infected with Spiritualism. This suspicion is grounded on a recent work of his entitled *The Mental Cure.—The Independent*, U. S. A.

SPIRIT RAPPING IN NOTTINGHAM.

A rather singular affair came before the notice of the borough magistrates, at the police office, on Saturday. An elderly woman, living in Golden-lane, applied to the Bench for advice as to what course she should pursue to put an end to the spirit rapping which is continually taking place in a neighbour's house. The "knockings," she said, were very frequent, and so loud as to disturb and annoy her very much.—The Deputy-clerk : What are they knocking on?—Applicant : On my mangle, and it makes a great noise. I stood against the door and saw a movement ; and then there was a noise in my house. The Deputy-clerk : How long have these spirit rappings been going on?—Applicant : About three weeks.—The Bench directed the police to make enquiries about the matter, and the woman then left the Court.—*Notts Guardian*, 10 Dec.

THE WELCH FASTING GIRL.

After six days' watching by experienced nurses from Guy's Hospital, who found no food to have been taken, the poor girl died. The newspapers at once come to the conclusion that she died for want of food, and that the story of her previous fasting is false ; this, however, is not proved, and we hold that her death proves nothing either way, of the only point of interest—namely, whether or not the human frame, under certain states and conditions, is capable of existing in life for weeks or months without food. That it is so we believe to have been sufficiently proved in repeated cases ; but scepticism, which is another name for ignorance, says No.

THE POEMS OF WALT WHITMAN.

THE poems of Walt Whitman have been much praised and wondered at in this country since they were published here by Trübner and by Hotten, but though they are of the most decidedly and avowedly spiritualistic character, nobody seems to see that fact. They are in a singular, unrhymed style; sometimes in irregular hexameters, sometimes in the Ossianic metre, sometimes in that of *Hiawatha*, sometimes absolutely prosaic, but always original and audaciously American. We do not rate him, like one of his editors here, as one of the greatest poets that ever lived, but he is unquestionably a great and original poet. He sets all conventionality at defiance. He is as free in his style, his thoughts, his sentiments, as the most Yankee and pretentious of his countrymen. His brag about the Great Republic and everything belonging to the States is of the most preposterous and laughable kind. His exuberance of imagery, his cataloguings of everything that comes into his head of every possible thing in this globe, or in the universe, is frequently oppressive; but amidst all this extravagance, verbiage, and tautology there rises a continual stream of the brightest new thoughts, the tenderest and most dewy sentiments and kindly human feelings, like the cool and rapid rushing of a mountain-born river beneath the green boughs of the forest or through the flowery grass of the summer meadow. The character of the philosophy of these poems, however, is what we desire now particularly to call attention to. It is of that advanced and transcendental kind which belongs only to writers who have been baptized into the true Jordan of Spiritualism, and have ascended from its banks into the borders of the Summer Land, walking there with ever-increasing wonder, and bringing thence the flowers and fruits of a new and eternal promise; grapes of the true vine; and golden gatherings from the trees of both knowledge and life. All such visitors of the world beyond come back with a newness of aspect, of manner, of speech, and tone of mind, that are unmistakable. We know them at once by the eye beaming with the light that shines on the mountains of the imperishable; by the joy that flushes the features of those who have walked and talked with the angels; by the broad spirit of sympathy which brings to the earth the illimitable fervour of the heavens, and sees in the smallest thing, in the humblest mortal, the signs of the wonder-working of the Infinite Spirit of creative and supporting Love. This is what we see at once in the poems of Walt Whitman: and he at once responds

to our challenge, "Poet, thou art one of us!" with these words:

As for me (torn, stormy, even as I, amid these vehement days;) I have the idea of all and am all, and believe in all: I believe Materialism is true, and Spiritualism is true—I reject no part.

Nor do we: Materialism is as true as Spiritualism when it is united to Spiritualism; it is false, or rather defective only, when it is a mere part.

In a succeeding poem, we have him clearly in trance, and the impressing spirit speaking through him:—

Take my hand, Walt Whitman!
Such gliding wonders! such sights and sounds!
Such joined unended links, each hooked to the next!
Each answering all—each sharing the earth with all.

What widens within you, Walt Whitman?
What waves and soils exuding?
What climes? what persons and lands are here?
Who are the infants? some playing, some slumbering?
Who are the girls? who are the married women?
Who are the three old men going slowly with their arms about each other's necks?
What rivers are these? what forests and fruits are these?
What are the mountains called that rise so high in the mists?
What myriads of dwellings are they, filled with dwellers?

Within me latitude widens, longitude lengthens;
Asia, Africa, Europe, are to the east—America is provided for in the west:
Banding the bulge of the earth winds the hot equator,
Curiously north and south turn the axis-ends;
Within me is the longest day—the sun wheels in slanting rings—it does not set for months.
Stretched in due time within me the midnight sun just rises above the horizon and sinks again;
Within me zones, seas, cataracts, plants, volcanoes, groups, Malaysia, Polynesia, and the great West Indian Islands.

What do you hear, Walt Whitman?

But Walt Whitman sees and hears everything in the earth. The poem which he calls "Salut au Monde" is a long one. We have enough of it here to understand it, which readers at large both in America and here have not done, but have showered on the mediumistic poet all the epithets of "fool, madman, idiot," which the critic vocabulary can so plentifully furnish, with occasional praise equally extravagant. We have the key, and all is to us lucid as the sky and saner far than his deriders. How perfectly spiritual is this passage,—amongst the sights "of the deaths of the bodies of Gods"—Christ and others:—

I see Hermes, unsuspected, dying, well-beloved, saying to the people, *Do not weep for me,*
This is not my true country, I have lived banished from my true country—
I now go back there;
I return to the celestial sphere, where every one goes in his turn.

In the "Song of the Broad Axe" we have the same unmistakable spirit vision :—

I see the European headsman :
 He stands masked, clothed in red, with huge legs and strong, naked arms,
 And leans on a ponderous axe.
 Whom have you slaughtered lately, European headsman ?
 Whose is that blood upon you, so wet and sticky ?
 I see the clear sunset of the Martyrs ;
 I see from the scaffolds the descending ghosts,
 Ghosts of dead lords, uncrowned ladies, impeached ministers, rejected
 kings,
 Rivals, traitors, poisoners, disgraced chieftains, and the rest.
 I see those who in any land have died for the good cause ;
 The seed is spare, nevertheless the crop shall never run out.
 (Mind you, O foreign kings, O priests, the crop shall never run out).

But let us take a few passages as they occur *seriatim* in the volume. Here is one which again proclaims his purpose :—

I stand in my place, with my own day, here.
 Here lands female and male ;
 Here the heirship and heiress-ship of the world—here the flame of
 materials ;
 Here Spirituality, the translatress, the open-avowed,
 The ever-tending, the finale of visible forms ;
 The satisfier, after due, long waiting, now advancing,
 Yes, here comes my mistress, the Soul.
 The Soul !
 For ever and for ever—longer than soil is brown and solid—longer than
 water ebbs and flows.
 I will make the poems of materials, for I think they are to be the most
 spiritual poems ;
 And I will make the poems of my body and of mortality,
 For I think I shall then supply myself with the poems of my soul and
 immortality.

To be truly spiritual is to be devout, and he adds—

I say no man has ever been half devout enough,
 None has ever yet adored or worshipped half enough ;
 None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the
 future is.

But the spiritual poet must shew this :—

The unseen and the seen ;
 Mysterious ocean where the streams empty ;
 Prophetic spirit of materials shifting and flickering around me ;
 Living beings, identities, now doubtless near us, in the air, that we know
 not of ;
 Contact daily and hourly that will not release me.

And he proceeds :—

I will make the true poem of riches,—
 To earn for the body and the mind whatever adheres, and goes forward,
 and is not dropped at death.

And again, of death and the soul :—

Was somebody asking to see the Soul ?
 See ! your own shape and countenance—persons, substances, beasts, the
 trees, the running rivers, the rocks and sands.

All hold spiritual joys, and afterwards loosen them :
 How can the real body ever die and be buried ?
 Of your real body, and any man's or woman's real body,
 Item for item, it will elude the hands of the corpse-cleaners, and pass to
 fitting spheres,
 Carrying what has accrued to it from the moment of birth to the moment
 of death.

In the most outward city pageant the open-eyed poet sees
 what the mere world-eyed mass never sees. In the reception of
 the Japanese Embassy at New York, he says :—

I do not know whether others behold what I behold,
 In the procession, along with the Princes of Asia, the errand-bearers,
 Bringing up the rear, hovering above, or in the ranks marching ;
 But I will sing you a song of what I behold.

* * * * *

Not the errand-bearing princes, nor the tanned Japanene only ;
 Lithe and silent the Hindoo appears—the Past, the Dead,
 The murky night-morning of wonder and fable, inscrutable,
 The enveloped mysteries, the old and unknown hive-bees,
 The North—the sweltering South—Assyria—the Hebrews—the Ancient
 of ancients,
 Vast, desolated cities—the gliding Present—all of these, and more, are in
 the pageant procession.

Yes ! to the poet of the opened eye—the spiritual poet and
 seer—all worlds and ages are open. The walls of Time, the
 barriers of the distant and of ages are thrown down ; the
 manacles of the flesh are rent asunder ; the mortal film has
 fallen from the eye of the temporal probationer, and, spirit-like,
 he walks cognizant amid the free things of the imperishable
 spheres. All times, peoples, regions, are present with him.
 He sees everything as it is, and knows better than ever that
 everything is miracle.

Let us see what he says on this point :—

MIRACLES.

1.

What shall I give ? And what are my miracles ?

2.

Realism is mine—my miracles—Take freely,
 Take without end—I offer them to you wherever your feet can carry you,
 or your eyes reach.

3.

Why ! who makes much of miracles ?
 As for me I know of nothing else but miracles,
 Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,*
 Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,
 Or wade with naked feet, along the beach, just in the edge of the water,
 Or stand under trees in the woods,
 Or talk with any one I love,
 Or sit at the table with my mother,
 Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,

Or watch honey-bees busy round the hive, of a summer forenoon,
 Or animals feeding in the fields,
 Or birds—or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
 Or the wonderfulness of the sun-down—or of stars shining, so quiet and
 bright,
 Or the exquisite, delicate, thin curve of the new moon in spring;
 Or whether I go among those I like best, and that like me best—mecha-
 nics, boatmen, farmers,
 Or among the *savans*—or to the *soirée*—or to the opera,
 Or stand a long while looking at the movements of machinery,
 Or behold children at their sports,
 Or the admirable sight of the perfect old man, or the perfect old woman,
 Or the sick in the hospitals, or the dead carried to burial,
 Or my own eyes and figure in the glass;
 These, with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
 The whole referring—yet each distinct and in its place.

4.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
 Every inch of space is a miracle,
 Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same;
 Every cubit foot of the interior swarms with the same;
 Every spear of grass—the frames, limbs, organs of men and women, and
 all that concerns them,
 All these are to me unspeakably perfect miracles.
 To me the sea is a continual miracle;
 The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the waves—the ships with
 men in them,
 What stranger miracles are there?

But enough: our object is not to bring forward all the spiritual matter of the volume—for it is all spiritual; we want only to shew our readers that another spiritual poet is amongst us, whom the world accepts because it thinks him merely eccentric and original. The poetry of Harris is very fine, but then he said out plumply that the spirits of departed poets gave it him, and the wise ones turned up their eyes and went on. Walt Whitman does not say that any spirit gave him these poems, but he shews it in every line to the initiated. It is alive with that fresh, new, piquant, magical life that no mere poet of the world, no Browning, or Swinburne, or Locker has. The moment that you dip into this poetry, you feel the stir and heavings of the limitless ocean of the God-world of deathless powers beneath; you are immersed in the eternal springs and streams of primal being. The harmonies and airs of the Summer Land are around you. You see and hear and feel and know with a new rush of faculties and consciousnesses which make even the most surprising of material discoveries flat and poor, for they penetrate only into the outer surface of outer things. Here you touch the fire-springs of creative life; you bathe in the life fountains; you are one with the countless hosts of the wise, the beautiful, the loving, who have emerged from the larva cells of earth into the perfected zones of eternal peace and poetry. What says your poet of his state there?

I lie abstracted, and hear beautiful tales of things and the reasons of things:
They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen.

His companions are yours: hear again!

Wild flowers and vines and weeds come up through the stones, and hardly cover them.—Beyond these I pass,
Far, far in the forest, before I think where I go,
Solitary, smelling the earthly smell, stopping now and then in the silence;
Alone I had thought—yet soon a silent troop gathers around me;
Some walk by my side, and some behind, and some embrace my arms and neck.
They, the spirits of friends dead or alive—thicker they come, a great crowd, and I in the middle,
Collecting, dispensing, singing in spring, there I wander with them.

* * * * *

And twigs of maple, and a bunch of wild orange, and chestnut,
And stems of currants, and plum-blows, and the aromatic cedar.
These, I, compassed around by a thick cloud of spirits,
Wandering, point to, or touch as I pass, or throw them loosely from me,
Indicating to each one what he shall have—giving something to each.

With your poet you say finally—

Now, while the great thoughts of space and eternity fill me, I will measure myself by them;
And now, touched with the lives of other globes, arrived as far along as those of the earth,
Or waiting to arrive, or passed on farther than those of the earth,
Thenceforth I no more ignore them than I ignore my own life,
Or the lives of the earth arrived as far as mine, or waiting to arrive.
O I see now that life can not exhibit all to me—as the day can not,
I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited by death.

Thus daily, whilst the earth porers of science pause and wonder, and then shrink from their own wondering, the broad day of the soul breaks more broadly; rushes on more peremptorily; spirits, issuing from their shy seclusion, speak out aloud, sing in troops and choruses to ears no longer astonished; come visibly and palpably; scatter over us flowers of heaven and of earth, make fire innocuous and touch disease into health; and poets, springing up here and there in the crowds, utter words of faith and vision ever and ever more startling and strong. It is high time that he that would have the credit of being wise should revise his wisdom, and let the mingling earth and heavens speak out to him of the new birth of things—new facts, new perceptions, new sights more wonderful than dreams, new sense of things, of justice, love, truth, pacification, and law—God in his world living through all in one perpetual and illimitable miracle.

I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!
That the exquisite scheme is for it, and the nebulous float is for it, and the cohering is for it!
And all preparation is for it! and identity is for it! and life and death are altogether for it!

And this invincible conviction is the backbone and substance of the new dispensation in which the poet tells us in his preface,

"From the eyesight proceeds another eyesight, and from the hearing proceeds another hearing, and from the voice proceeds another voice, eternally curious of the harmony of things with man."

True, Walt Whitman! True! Sing on, and let the whole world know it.

W. H.

"SPIRIT RAPPING EXPLAINED" BY DR. RIP VAN WINKLE.

BEING directed by an advertisement in the newspapers to "See *Scientific Opinion*" for an article on "Spiritualism scientifically explained," we complied with the direction, in the hope that some new scientific light had dawned upon the world, and that we might not only be among its early recipients, but that we might reflect some of its rays on the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*. We accordingly invested a shilling in the three successive numbers of the journal advertised, in which the scientific explanation in question is presumed to be given. We found, however, to our disappointment and chagrin, that this scientific light was a very dim and foggy one, only sufficient to make visible the darkness of the minds whence it emanated; that it issued from a very ancient and battered lantern; in short, (and to change our metaphor) that the resurrection-man had been at work, and had dug up from its obscure and almost forgotten grave the bony theory brought into this mortal life by the midwifery of the "Buffalo Doctors," some nineteen years ago, and which, after a very brief precarious existence, had been consigned to the silent tomb of obsolete and forgotten theories—

Only this, and nothing more.

One of these Buffalo doctors—Austin Flint, M.D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine, and of Clinical Medicine, in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, is so satisfied with the lucid explanation given by himself and his coadjutors, C. A. Lee, M.D., and C. B. Coventry, M.D., of the University of Buffalo, on Feb. 17th, 1851, that he has quite lately reproduced, for the benefit of the readers of the American *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine*, the entire article from the *Buffalo Medical Journal* of 1851, then under his editorial charge, in which this "explanation" originally appeared; and it is this article which is again resurrected in the pages of *Scientific Opinion*.

The Buffalo theory, as our well-informed readers are aware, explains the "rappings" as being under control of the medium, and produced by "muscular contractions," "snappings of the

joints," and "dislocation and replacement of the bones;" the intelligence associated with the responses thus obtained, are explained as "guesses," "coincidences," and "tact," on the part of the mediums; and of "credulity" and "self-deception," on that of their dupes; and with regard to "certain physical phenomena, in addition to the knockings, said to be occasionally produced in connection with the latter," the Buffalo Doctors "have only to say, that none of them have fallen under our observation," and, "assuming that such phenomena do take place," they "leave to others the task of explaining the mechanism by which they are produced."

We hope that this explanation, when given, will be a little more satisfactory than that of which we have given an epitome; or otherwise, that the publishers of *Scientific Opinion* will not take money under false pretences by advertising such twaddle as "Spiritualism Scientifically Explained." We make no question that many persons can snap their joints and exercise their bones and muscles in various ways with more or less effect in producing sounds. For instance, many of our readers, we doubt not, will snap their fingers at this Buffalo explanation; we go even further than Dr. Flint, for we consider his theory as an illustration that minds no less than muscles may be "contracted," and brains as well as bones be "dislocated." To call such puerilities, however, by the name of "science," can only serve to bring "science" into contempt. Had Mr. Holyoake's suggestion of an "Habitual Simpleton's Bill" been anticipated and adopted by the Legislature of the United States, the Buffalo doctors would certainly have been qualified to come under its operation.

Dr. Flint, in reference to what he is pleased to term "the Rochester knockings," confesses with charming naïveté, "We have not taken pains to ascertain how extensively belief in their supernatural character has prevailed. Many of our readers, are probably better informed on this point than ourselves, as our pursuits do not permit us to keep up with the times in matters of this kind."

Independently of this candid confession of Dr. Rip Van Winkle, we had, by a lucky "coincidence," arrived at exactly the same conclusion. We hope that not only "on this point," but on many others connected with it, his readers are better informed than their would-be instructor. This candour is, however, the more welcome, as it is the only indication of modesty, and the only tribute to the good sense of its readers which the article contains. It is a pity that Dr. Rip Van Winkle should ever have suffered himself to be diverted from "pursuits which do not permit him to keep up with the times in matters of this kind."

T. S.

A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE FROM THE HISTORY OF MEXICO.

THE Abbé D. Francesco Saverio Clavigero is the author of the most trustworthy history of Mexico. He was himself a native of Mexico: a man of great industry and untiring research, and possessed unexampled opportunities of acquainting himself with all the knowledge necessary in order to give a faithful and graphic picture of the historical eras which he undertook to portray. In Book V., section xii. of his history, the following remarkable narrative occurs:—

“The event which I am going to relate is said to have been public, and to have made a considerable noise; to have happened also in the presence of the two Kings and the Mexican nobility. It is represented in some of the paintings of those nations, and a legal attestation of it even was sent to the Court of Madrid.* Though in compliance with the duties of a historian we give a place to many of the memorable traditions of those nations; on these, however, we leave our readers to form their own judgment and conclusion.

“*Papantzin*, a Mexican princess, and sister of Montezuma, was married to the governor of Tlatelolco, and after his death lived in his palace until the year 1509, when she likewise died of old age. Her funeral was celebrated with magnificence suited to her exalted birth,—the king, her brother, and all the nobility of Mexico and Tlatelolco being present. Her body was buried in a subterraneous cavern, in the garden of the same palace, near to a fountain where she had used to bathe, and the mouth of the cave was shut with a stone. The day following, a child of five or six years of age happened to pass from her mother’s apartment to that of the major-domo of the deceased princess, which was on the other side of the garden; and in passing, saw the princess sitting upon the steps of the fountain, and heard herself called by the word *Cocoton*,† which is a word of tenderness used to children. The little child, not being capable, on account of its age, of reflecting on the death of the princess, and thinking that she was going to bathe as usual, approached her without fear, upon which she sent the child to call the wife of her major-domo. The child went to call her; but the woman, smiling and caressing her, told her, ‘My little girl, Papantzin is

* See *Torquemada*, Lib. II., cap. 91, and *Betencourt*, Part III., trat. i., cap. 8.

† “*Cocoton*” means “little girl,” only that it is an expression of more tenderness.

dead, and was buried yesterday.' But as the child insisted, and pulled her by the gown, she—more to please than from belief of what was told her—followed her; but was hardly come in sight of the princess, when she was seized with such horror that she fell fainting to the earth. The little girl ran to acquaint her mother, who, with two other companions, came out to give assistance; but on seeing the princess, they were so affected with fear that they would have swooned away, if the princess herself had not endeavoured to comfort them, assuring them that she was still alive. She made them call her major-domo, and charged them to go and bear the news to the king, her brother; but he durst not undertake it, as he dreaded that the king would consider the account as a fable, and would punish him with his usual severity, for being a liar, without examining into the matter. 'Go, then, to Tezculeo,' said the princess, 'and entreat the King Nezahualpilli, in my name, to come here and see me.' The major-domo obeyed, and the king, having received the information, set out immediately for Tlatelolco. When he arrived there, the princess was in a chamber of the palace. Though full of astonishment, the king saluted her, when she requested him to go to Mexico to tell the king, her brother, that she was alive, and had occasion to see him, to communicate some things to him of the utmost importance. The king set out for Mexico to execute her commission, but Montezuma would hardly give credit to what was told him. However, that he might not do injustice to so respectable an ambassador, he went along with him, and many of the Mexican nobility, to Flatalolco; and having entered the hall where the princess was, he demanded of her if she was his sister. 'I am indeed, sir,' answered the princess, 'your sister Papantzin, whom you buried yesterday. I am truly alive, and wish to relate to you what I have seen, as it deeply concerns you.' Upon this the two kings sat down, while all the other nobles continued standing, full of admiration at what they saw.

"The princess then began to speak as follows:—'After I was dead, or if you will not believe that I have been dead; after I remained bereft of motion and of sense, I found myself suddenly placed upon an extensive plain, to which there appeared no boundaries. In the middle of it I observed a road, which I afterwards saw was divided into a variety of paths; and on one side ran a great river, whose waters made a frightful noise. As I was going to throw myself into the river to swim to the opposite bank, I saw before me a beautiful youth, of handsome stature, clothed in a long habit, white as snow, and dazzling like the sun. He had wings of beautiful feathers, and upon his forehead this mark'—in saying this the princess made the sign of the cross

with her two forefingers—‘ and, laying hold of my hand, said to me, “Stop, for it is not yet time to pass this river, God loves thee, though thou knowest it not.” He then led me along by the river side upon the borders of which I saw a great number of human sculls and bones, and heard most lamentable groans, that waked my utmost pity. Turning my eyes afterwards upon the river, I saw some large vessels upon it, filled with men of a dress and complexion quite different from ours. They were fair and bearded, carried standards in their hands, and helmets on their heads. The youth then said to me, “It is the will of God that thou shouldst live to be a witness of the revolutions that are to happen to these kingdoms. The groans which thou hast heard among these bones, are from the souls of your ancestors, which are ever, and will be tormented for their crimes. The men whom you see coming in these vessels are those who, by their arms, will make themselves masters of all these kingdoms; and with them will be introduced the knowledge of the true God, the Creator of heaven and earth. As soon as the war shall be at an end, and the bath published and made known which will wash away sins, be thou the first to receive it, and guide by thy example the natives of thy country.” Having spoke thus the youth disappeared, and I found myself recalled to live. I rose from the place where I lay, raised up the stone of my sepulchre, and came out to the garden, where I was found by my domestics.’

“Montezuma was struck with astonishment at the recital of so strange an adventure, and feeling his mind distracted with a variety of apprehensions, rose and retired to one of his palaces which was destined for occasions of grief, without taking leave of his sister, the King of Tacuba, or any one of those who accompanied him; although some of his flatterers, in order to console him, endeavoured to persuade him that the illness which the princess had suffered had turned her brain. He avoided for ever after returning to see her, that he might not again hear the melancholy presages of the ruin of his empire. The princess, it is said, lived many years in great retirement and abstinence. She was the first who, in the year 1524, received the sacred baptism in Tlatelolco, and was called from that time Donna Maria Papantzin.”

A DIFFERENT THING.—“Most men will tell you, ‘I expect to live again;’ but this cold faith of the head is a different thing from that certainty which sometimes thrills through the heart, and makes us long for the future life, as a school-boy longs for his father’s house.”

H. W. BEECHER.

Notices of Books.

SPIRITUAL REVEALINGS.*

THIS book is distinguished by the same peculiar vein of thought which characterises the previous productions of the writer. It claims the same spiritual authorship and manifests the same idiosyncrasy. By some, it will be regarded as strange, perhaps morbid fantasy, by others as crazy monomania ; and by nearly all as incapable of proof. Nor will confidence in these revealings be strengthened by the assertion of their spirit author that—“The hour has now arrived when we may lay claim to infallibility of instruction, for the mind that would waver and flutter in uncertainty is dead, has passed the confines of nature, and yet he is now acting in nature for the benefit of spiritual beings.” Like Hamlet, we “must have grounds more relative than this,” ere we can allow so bold a pretension. Certainly so large a claim as is here put forward could not well be rested on a more slight and frivolous pretence. The infallibility of instruction assumed clearly does not extend to the reasoning by which its validity is sought to be shewn. Passing the confines of nature, is not quite synonymous with passing the confines of ignorance ; and the certainty of vain confidence is very different to the modesty of true wisdom. It needs no great knowledge of spiritual revealings to lead us to the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Henry More two centuries ago, that “certes there are as great fools in the other world as there ever were in this.” Happily, there is another class of spirits whose revealings are made out of the plenitude of their knowledge and the humility of their wisdom ; for wisdom is ever humble, and makes no pretension to infallibility.

The present work is, however, curious, if not valuable, both in its matter, and in its mode of composition. To illustrate the position of the writer in relation to the work, its spirit-author says :—“She is not cognizant of one word she is employed to write till it is on the paper before her. Therefore, the principles, doctrines, and deductions found herein, are not the emanations of her own brain ; but they pass through that brain, and in no other case could her hand be empowered to write in this way.” And again the spirit tells us—“I will now proceed to drop the words into her ear, and she will write them down—one by one—as she is alone able to hear them.”

* *The “Divinum Humanum” in Creation. Spiritual Revealings.* By the Writer of *An Angel’s Message*; *Ecce Homo*; *Primeval Man*, &c. London: BURNS.

These declarations distinctly separate the medium writer from the spirit dictator, and rest the responsibility of authorship on the latter only. And in criticising the work, this consideration relieves us from any fear of misapprehension to which we might otherwise feel exposed. Of the entire good faith of the writer we have not the faintest shadow of doubt.

SPIRITUALISM AND COMMON SENSE.*

THERE is a close affinity between Spiritualism and Common Sense, but the writer of this pamphlet has failed to discern it, and has even placed them in antithesis. Indeed, common sense is nowhere very conspicuous on any of these pages except the title page. The dictate of common sense to a writer clearly is, "First take pains to inform yourself thoroughly and to obtain an accurate idea of the subject on which you write; and then make a full and fair statement of it." This our author certainly has not done; and therefore, if he is a student in the school of common sense, he has not yet learned the alphabet of her teachings. Spiritualism with him means only, "rapping tables, moving chairs, ringing bells," and the like. "For" (as he tells us), "the spirits can only knock tables and play tricks of that kind." Common sense must have been sorely tempted to rap the knuckles of her refractory pupil for writing such nonsense in her name; for presuming to teach where he ought to have been content to sit among the learners in the lowest form. Before writing on Spiritualism, he should at least have conned its elementary lessons. For instance, he might have read the Declaration of Principles put forth by the National Convention of Spiritualists in America;† or even the definition of Spiritualism prefixed to this Magazine, and which would have taught him better. Had he acquired even the common knowledge of a well-taught schoolboy he would not have ventured on the astounding announcement that the "power to communicate with the dead, is a new and peculiar thing in the creed and experience of men."

This want of better information is the more to be regretted as the writer is not wanting in ability and acuteness. As Dr. Johnson said in speaking of French cookery, the French were excellent cooks if only they had anything to cook; so our author would, doubtless, have written with profit to his readers if only he had had the right materials, and had followed right methods; but we see no evidence in these pages of either.

* *Spiritualism and Common Sense.* By R. T. H. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

† Given in *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 9, Vol. IV., New Series.

Instead of judging of the facts of Spiritualism by the evidence in the case, the writer calls on Spiritualists to prove these facts from the rational fitness of things; that is, from his idea of rational fitness, of which we certainly cannot regard him as a very competent arbiter. Instead of drawing the camel from life, he goes into his study and excogitates it from the depths of his own consciousness, and if the original is not like the fancy sketch, so much the worse for the original.

The writer starts bravely with the following passage, which we reproduce, as we think it the best in the pamphlet:—

Everything demanding human belief or unbelief must be capable of evidence for or against its truth and reality, for without these, belief and unbelief are alike unreasonable. The first demand of belief is evidence; the absence of it is rational unbelief, in the absence of evidence belief is unreasonable; and where it clearly exists, unbelief is criminal. The same test of evidence we require relative to what is called Spiritualism, as in other matters of common belief and interest. Let nothing be condemned unheard, and that in an honourable court and before competent jury; on the other hand, let nothing be believed before going to court and fair test of evidence, by the power of fancy or the influence of predisposed opinion, sentimentalism, or prejudice. Before the case of belief or unbelief is decided, let witnesses be cross-examined, and all possible secrecy and reserve come to light; then the judgment can be formed positively or negatively according to the quality and degree of the evidence given. I am willing to accept of Spiritualism on the same ground of evidence that I accept of other things, and must refuse it in the same way and for the same reasons that I do other things, which satisfy not the conditions of reasonable evidence.

Very good. But does our author carry out his own canon of believing or disbelieving nothing from fancy, predisposed opinion, sentimentalism, or prejudice; and accepting or rejecting Spiritualism only as it satisfies the conditions of reasonable evidence? Not at all. Instead of examining, weighing and comparing the evidence of the witnesses, he starts off on the *a priori* road, and demands that they shall satisfy his conception of "rational fitness," and otherwise conform to such conditions as he prescribes to them; in other words, that the facts should accommodate themselves to those fancies and prejudices which his canon has ruled out of court. We see the influence of, "predisposed opinion" on almost every page. Thus, he objects that Spiritualism "reduces the spirit world to the level of this; it makes it even lower." "It disturbs the profound mystery of the invisible, and thus tends to make common, and so to destroy, our profound reverence for the unknown and the unseen;" and, referring to the comfort which it is affirmed the sorrowing find in the belief of Spiritualism, and the practice of spirit communion, he sneeringly says—"it is only the comfort of a ghost."

It is as unnecessary as it would be unprofitable to follow further the criticisms of our author; based on imperfect knowledge and defective premises his conclusions must of necessity

be unsound; and even where his principles are true he fails in their faithful application. In short, what he needs is just what is indicated by the title of his pamphlet—"Spiritualism and Common Sense." Had he been well advised he would have been thankful to let his lucubrations rest undisturbed in the obscurity of the provincial journal in which they originally appeared.

MEDIUMSHIP AND SPIRIT CIRCLES.*

THIS is a revised edition, improved both in matter and form, of a tract written by Mr. Powell, before leaving England. It is brief, and may be consulted with advantage by those engaged in forming spirit circles, or who are desirous of cultivating their gifts of mediumship.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

In the *Human Nature*, of November, is a very important account of the spiritual experiences of Dr. F. H. L. Willis, in which he is reported as saying, that he had been brought up to the profession of divinity—that at the age of 19 he was, in his normal condition, "quite ignorant of medical matters; had never studied physiology, and, except a mere smattering, knew nothing of it;"—that his studies had been in quite a different direction, and that he had "never even looked into a medical work" but when influenced by "an old eclectic or botanical doctor, who had passed from life some 25 years before;"—that, "there was no question that could not be propounded to him; none that (he) could not answer correctly and promptly;" and that while under that influence, he "made very many remarkable cures indeed; cures considered miracles at that time."

But from a letter which Mr. Coleman received from Judge Edmonds, dated 29th September last, it would appear that Dr. Willis, so far from being a mere healer under spiritual or mediumistic influence, is, or was, on the contrary, "a respectable physician," practising in New York. As Dr. Willis's experiences appear to have been of the most astonishing description, his testimony should, I submit, be established on irrefragable grounds. The letter is as follows:—

"New York, September 29th, 1869.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to introduce to you my friend, Dr. F. H. L. Willis, who is about going abroad on account of his health. He is a very estimable and respectable physician, in this city, and every way worthy of your regards. He is an earnest spiritualist, and was actively engaged in the lecturing field while his health would permit, and had occasion to stand by his faith under very trying circumstances.

"I commend him to the favourable consideration of yourself and our other spiritual friends in England, being well assured that on acquaintance you will esteem him as highly as we do.—Very truly yours.—J. W. EDMONDS."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A. B. TIETKENS.

* *Mediumship: its Laws and Conditions; with Brief Instructions for the Formation of Spirit Circles.* By J. H. POWELL, Author of *Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures, &c.*, Boston, WHITE & CO.